

ITEMS—GENERAL AND LOCAL.

The Subscribers to the CRUTCH, in Division Hospital No. 1, will in future, obtain their papers at the Post Office. By this arrangement they will receive them promptly, every Saturday morning.

We have recently learned that Dr. S. J. RADCLIFFE who has been for a long time connected with this Hospital, as Acting Assistant Surgeon, has passed the board of Examination for Assistant Surgeon, U. S. Vols., in a satisfactory manner. We congratulate the Dr. upon his success and hope that his services may be continued at this Hospital.

We have received several papers in exchange for copies of the CRUTCH. Some contain favorable notices of the same, showing that our friends abroad appreciate the effort made to publish and sustain a paper, devoted to the interests of the inmates of the Hospitals at this post. We shall be glad to place other journals of the day upon our list of exchanges.

Private Wm. O. Pope, of Co. K, 18th Mass. Regiment, was accidentally drowned on Saturday, Jan. 23d, by breaking through the ice while crossing North East Creek near Annapolis Junction. He had just obtained a furlough and left Div. Hospital No. 1; while on his way home and but a few miles from the starting point, he met with his untimely death.

We regret to notice the departure of Acting Assistant Surgeons CHARLES HAYES and W. W. ROYAL. In consequence of the diminished number of patients in all General Hospitals throughout the country, an order was recently issued, reducing the force of Contract Surgeons. We could hardly expect an exception to be made in the case of our Hospital. In parting with our friends we assure them that the good wishes of all connected with our Hospital accompany them.

We record with pleasure the fact that the legislature of Maryland has passed the convention bill. The bill is an act to provide for taking the sense of the people upon a call of a convention to frame a new Constitution and form of government for the State. The future of Maryland looks brilliant. She has seen dark days. The controlling element in the State is largely Union, and it is gratifying to know that it is a loyalty that would in many cases, put to shame the professions of some, in States far removed from the border, untrammelled by the institution of slavery, and a population whose habits and sympathies are more like the people of the South than those of the North.

We were much surprised to learn that at the last meeting of the Lyceum a motion was made to adjourn until next October. If this had been done in the month of April or May we could have understood it.—But we are certainly at a loss to conjecture why any desire of this kind should be shown now. The audience has not diminished, nor any lack of interest been manifested by those who attend the meetings. We only express the sentiment of all connected with Hospital Div. No. 1, when we say let no attempt be made to close these profitable and interesting meetings. We thank the young men who take part in the debates, for what they have done for our entertainment and profit.

Two of the Russian Fleet arrived in our Harbor last week. A salute was fired from on board one of the vessels, which was replied to from a Battery at the Naval Academy. Formal visits were made between the Russian officers and the Military authorities of this department. The following are the names of the officers on board:

Steamer *Almaz*—Imperial Russian Navy—Five Guns:
Commandant—Captain Lieutenant Paul Zelonoy.
Lieutenants—Leonid Michayloff, Otton Baron Nolen, Paul Plemyauekoff, George Bereznich.
Surgeon—Valere Vitkoosky.
Engineer—Valdemar Ekimoff.
Assistant Engineer—Elexander Pettroff.
Midshipmen—Alexander Linden, Alexander Bachtiaroff, Nicholas Korsakoff, Hyhotite Andreoff, Nicholas Ragosin, Theodor Tulleff.
Sloop of War *Variag*:
Commandant—Captain Lieutenant Sund.
First Lieutenants—Schaffroff, Boil, Rolagofskvi, Tatarinoff, Grunewaldt.
Second Lieutenants—Bauer, Grundstroem, Mehukoff, Surgeon—Sarionaff.
Master Lieutenants—Seurenoff, Kinita, Kusnezoff.
Artillery Lieutenant—Kugenschiff.

From the Knapsack.

A Communication from a Pump.

RESPECTED EDITRESS:—I am nothing but a pump, and a wooden one at that, but as "every dog has his day," why not every pump? Anyhow, as the ladies have been my best patrons, I shall attempt to make their paper my organ, or spout rather, through which to express sentiments I have tried in vain to swallow. You all know I am a cripple from my birth, and that not a government servant in this yard accomplishes half the work I do with my one leg and arm—that I am ever faithful to my post, no one can deny, and finally, though I must blow my own trumpet, I must say there is not living, a more faithful representative of the great virtues, love, temperance, and charity than I am, and yet, I do not feel that my services are appreciated. From the Surgeons and Stewards I expected neither attention or patronage, as they differ from me on great moral questions, and have never favored me, or any of my relations—but I supposed there was no doubt about my being on good terms with the members of the Lyceum, and I have felt it was hard that my intimate friend the Cow of this yard has been mentioned in verse, and the rats and spiders have got into the "Knapsack," while I have been left "out in the cold." Night after night I have listened to hear my name mentioned between the sweet songs that have echoed through your Lyceum hall, but in vain. It is not the fame I want so much, as the simple gratification of finding myself identified with an association where all is so harmonious, and all the questions are carried in the affirmative, this last consideration has encouraged me to ask why its amiable members cannot suggest the presentation of a silver cup to me for valuable services performed during the heated term of last summer. Gentlemen of the full diet, I appeal to you, have I not done my part towards furnishing that rare soup and tea you have enjoyed so many successive weeks and months?—Have I ever refused to dilute freely every ration you have eaten from that bountiful table? I might appeal with equal justice to the low and half diet patients in whose behalf I have helped carry on such a cruel war, and for whose welfare I so freely pour out my gift, but my remarks are intended more particularly for you my convalescent friends, who have pumped meso freely and have all my secrets. Remember, I have yours too, and if you object to hearing from me through the *Knapsack* I shall retaliate. When you call on me to weaken your whiskey, which is warranted to kill at sixty yards, or when you slip along, on all fours through a hole in the wall, not far from my residence, or when you put on a swallow tailed coat, and a pair of light striped pants too short for you, finished with a tall dickey and a cotton hat, and march by me solemnly, as if you are going to your own funeral, on your way to Baltimore or any distant City, remember there's a pump among you taking notes, etc. I have a great many facts stored up that I shall never divulge short of Washington, I made up my mind to that when I made my last request to the Executive Officer of this Hospital. I asked him for a new arm. His answer was, "dry up, you blockhead, your arm is good enough, I have other fish to fry." I had a mind to tell him he had better jump into the frying-pan himself, while he was about it, as he belonged there as much as anywhere. But I do not intend to flood your pages with complaints, there is a sunny, as well as a shady side to my life. Many witty, humorous, poetical remarks are rung on my ear that you, Miss Editress, never dreamed of. I will give you a specimen of a conversation between two of my sable visitors who rudely brake my slumbers nearly every morning at early dawn.—Well, how are you Sambo? "Oh! I se no better bery fast." "Well, you ought to be thankful dat you dont hab to stay out in de cold all night crying like dis pump." "Crying hev? well, now dat makes me tink ob a con- underbus. Why is dis pump like a weeping willer?" "Cause, it cries all day and makes no fuss 'bout it." "Oh, go long," I can tell you a story worth two ob dat. Why is dis pump like a whale? "Cause it likes in de water, spouts water, an is just ready to blubber!" "Good morning, chalk!"

The exit of these two individuals was followed by the appearance of a young soldier with large, dark, dreamy eyes, bearing in his hand a stone pitcher, I had filled every morning for successive months. As he took me by the hand, he turned his face towards the morning star, and with a tone of home yearning in his voice he repeated the following invocation.

Oh, bright imperial star,
Whose quenchless eye bounds sky and earth and sea,
To my dear native mountain home afar,
Bright heralds bear for me.

Of love, and hope and joy,
To her who tremble lest her star has set,
Tell her the "God of battles" shields her boy,
Whenever ills beset.

And when with downy wing,
Sweet peace shall cover every bloody stain,
Oh! Morning Star! together will we sing
That life that knows no pain!"

Here the bugle came in, and the strain was lost.—Some day hence I will give you another days experience if this proves acceptable. Yours, PUMPWELL.

Report of Changes in Divisions No. 1 and 2.

Division No. 1.

B. A. VANDERKIEFT, SURGEON IN CHARGE.

Admitted:

J. T. Jack, Major, 56th Pa. Vols., Jan. 28th, 1864.
John D. DeLara, Private, B, Farnell Legion, Feb. 3d.

Returned to Duty:

H. S. Commager, Lt. Col., 67th Ohio Vols., Jan. 30th.
J. T. Jack, Major, 56th Pa. Vols., Jan. 30th.
Rufus King, 1st Lieut., 4th U. S. Art., Jan. 30th.
Richard Robbins, 1st Lieut., 11th U. S. Inf., Jan. 30th.
B. Howard, Ass't Surgeon, U. S. A., Jan. 30th.
C. H. Martin, Corp'l., 3d Maine Vols., Feb. 1st.
Aaron Hudson, Private, D, 15th Ind. Vols., Feb. 1st.
Ely Jones, Private, B, 3d Del. Vols., Feb. 1st.
C. D. Ettinger, Private, G, 2d Wis. Vols., Feb. 1st.

On Furlough:

O. H. Wolcott, Sergeant, 118th Co., Invalid Corps, 20 days.
O. D. Blake, Sergeant, I, 17th Maine Vols., 20 days.
Fayette M. Paine, Sergeant, A, 17th Maine Vols., 20 days.
W. A. McMillan, Sergeant, I, 140th Pa. Vols., 10 days.
H. B. Griswold, Corporal, K, 10th N. Y. Cav., 20 days.
R. Houghton, Drummer, I, 22d Mass. Vols., 20 days.
Wm. J. Carson, Bugler, E, 15th U. S. Infantry, 25 days.
T. J. Burns, Private, L, 2d Va. Cav., 20 days.
M. B. Brannison, Private, I, 7th Con. Vols., 20 days.
C. D. Beach, Private, I, 15th N. J. Vols., 20 days.
W. H. Hill, Private, D, 1st Mass. Cav., 20 days.
T. J. Averill, Private, D, 72d N. Y. Vols., 20 days.
A. C. Buel, Private, D, 8th N. J. Vols., 15 days.
Wm. W. Welsh, Private, H, 105th Pa. Vols., 20 days.
J. W. Chandler, Private, 118th Co., Invalid Corps, 20 days.
A. Johnson, Private, E, 95th Pa. Vols., 30 days.
James Kneen, Private, B, 20th Conn. Vols., 20 days.
G. H. Wood, Private, C, 12th N. Y. Vols., 15 days.
Dan. H. Hussey, Private, K, 17th Maine Vols., 25 days.
George E. Bush, Private, A, 6th Vt. Vols., 20 days.
Fred Schaffer, Private, B, 114th Pa. Vols., 20 days.
M. Stockdale, Private, H, 65th Ohio Vols., 30 days.

Returned from Furlough:

C. N. Martin, Sergeant, F, 105th Ohio Vols., Feb. 3d.
J. W. Taber, Private, F, 104th N. Y. Vols., Feb. 3d.
G. A. Conrad, Private, D, 17th Pa. Cav., January 29th.

Transferred:

Daniel W. Laws, Private, B, 1st N. J. Ark., to U. S. General Hospital, Newark, N. J.
John Morehead, Private, I, 23d N. J. Vols., to U. S. General Hospital, Newark, N. J.
R. R. Knapp, Private, E, 6th U. S. Cav., to Detroit, Mich.
Warren Hopkins, Private, E, 6th Mich. Cav., to Detroit, Mich.
G. B. Love, Hospital Steward, U. S. A., ordered to report at Camp Parole, Jan. 30th.

Discharged:

G. B. Hammer, Captain, 12th Pa. Cav., January 31st.
A. J. Bolan, Captain, 12th Pa. R. C., Feb. 1st.
Louis Voltaire, Captain, 98th Pa. Vols., Feb. 2d.
H. C. Stedman, Assistant Surgeon, 81st Pa. Vols., Jan. 30th.
G. Williams, Lieut., 11th Maine Vols., January 28th.
Roger Bellis, Sergeant, D, 1st Md. P. H. B., Dec. 21st, 1863.
Richard Cook, Private, 15th N. J. Vols., January 28th.

Died:

James A. Blades, Private, D, 2d Md. E. S. Vols., Feb. 1st.

Division No. 2.

G. B. PARKER, SURGEON IN CHARGE.

Admitted:

Thomas H. Joseph, Sergeant, B, 3d Del. Vols.
Charles H. Hodge, Private, B, 1st Mass. Cav.
Matthew Walser, Private, C, 43d N. Y. Vols.

On Furlough:

Ell Hicks, Corporal, G, 5th N. Y. Cav.

Returned from Furlough:

Andrew J. Tenbrook, Private, C, 137th N. Y. Vols.

Transferred to Newark, N. J.:

Patrick Harrington, Private, E, 8th N. J. Vols.
Samuel Ray, Private, F, 5th N. J. Vols.

From the Knapsack.

State of the Market.

U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL, DIV. NO. 1,
ANNAPOLIS, MD., FEB'Y 4th, 1864.

FUELHOUSES.—Seized with eagerness.
MUSH.—Supply greater than the demand.
WHISKEY.—Tending downward.
SAUSAGES.—Plenty since the late Dog slaughter.
PORK AND BEANS.—Constant.
KNIVES AND FORKS.—Dull, and few in Market.

WANTED!

A Colored Man or Boy, to take care of two Horses, and attend to some other light business.

APPLY TO SURGEON VANDERKIEFT,
Naval Academy Hospital, Div. No. 1.

LOST!!

By a young Lady, somewhere in Annapolis, a HEART. Said Heart was, at the time of its loss, in a good state of preservation. Its surface was somewhat injured in the many assaults it has withstood, but its truth, purity, and capacity for loving, are perfect. The finder is requested to return it *uninjured*, to the owner, or to send one equally valuable in exchange.
N. B.—The Exchange preferred.

Address,

MISS C. W. Q.,
Box 24,940, Annapolis, P. D.